Their seuerall counsailes they vnbooſome ſhall,
To Loues miſtooke, and ſo be mockt withall,
Vpon the next occaſion that we meete,
With Viſages diſplayde to talke and greete.
Ros. But ſhall we dance, if they deſire vs toot?
Quee. No, to the death we will not moue a foot,
Nor to their pend ſpeach render we no grace:
But while tis ſpoke each turne away his face.
Boy. Why that contempt will kill the ſpeakers hart,
And quite diuorce his memorie from his part.
Quee. Therefore I do it, and I make no doubt,
The reſt will ere come in, if he be out.
Theres no ſuch ſport, as ſport by ſport orethrowne:
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne.
So ſhall we ſtay mocking entended game,
And they wel mockt depart away with ſhame. *Sound Trom.*
Boy. The Trompet ſoundes, be maſkt, the maſkers come.

Enter Black-moores with muſicke, the Boy with a ſpeach, and the reſt of the Lordes diſguyſed.

Page. *All haile, the richeſt Beauties on the earth.*
Berow. Beauties no richer then rich Taffata.
Page. *A holy parcell of the fayreſt dames that euer turnd their backes to mortall viewes.*
The Ladyes turne their backes to him.
Berow. Their eyes villaine, their eyes.
Pag. *That euen turnde their eyes to mortall viewes.*
Out
Boy. True, out in deede.
Pag. *Out of your fauours heauenly ſpirites vouchſafe*
Not to beholde.
Berow. Once to beholde, rogue.
Page. *Once to beholde with your Sunne beamed eyes,*
With your Sunne beamed eyes.
Boyet. They will not anſwere to that Epythat,
You were beſt call it Daughter beamed eyes.
Pag. They do not marke me, and that bringes me out.
Ber. Is this your perfectnes? begon you rogue.

Roſa.

Roſal. What would theſe ſtranges?
Know their mindes *Boyet.*
If they do ſpeake our language, tis our will
That ſome plaine man recount their purpoſes
Know what they would?
Boyet. What would you with the Princes?
Berow. Nothing but peace, and gentle viſit
Roſa. What would they, ſay they?
Boy. Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitati
Roſa. Why that they haue, and bid them ſ
Boy. She ſaies you haue it, and you may be
King. Say to her we haue meaſurd many
To treade a Meaſure with her on this graſſe
Boy. They ſay that they haue meaſurd ma
To tread a Meaſure with you on this graſſe.
Roſa. It is not ſo. Aſke them how manie in
Is in one mile? If they haue meaſured manie,
The meaſure then of one is eaſlie tolde.
Boy. If to come hither, you haue meaſurd
And manie miles: the Princeſſe bids you tell
How manie inches doth fill vp one mile?
Berow. Tell her we meaſure them by weer
Boy. She heares her ſelfe.
Roſa. How manie weerie ſteps,
Of manie weerie miles you haue ore gone,
Are numbred in the trauaile of one Mile?
Bero. We number nothing that we ſpend
Our duetie is ſo rich, ſo infinite,
That we may do it ſtill without accompt.
Vouchſafe to ſhew the ſunſhine of your face
That we (like ſauages) may worſhip it.
Roſa. My face is but a Moone, and cloude
King. Bleſſed are cloudes, to do as ſuch cl
Vouchſafe bright Moone, and theſe thy Star
(Thoſe cloudes remo oued) vpon our wateri
Roſa. O vaine peticioner, begg a greater m
Thou now requeſts but Mooneſhine in the
King. Then in our meaſure, do but vouchſa

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.l.14)